Which breathd this poyson.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots; take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away,
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.
Bull. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command;
Which ſince we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life ſhall anſwere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home all armes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodſtocks blood,
Doth more ſolicite me, then your exclaimes,

To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put wee our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they ſee the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.
Dutcheſſe. Finds Brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeauen Sonnes, whereof thy ſelfe art one,
Were ſeauen Viols of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeauen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeauen are dryed by Natures courſe;
Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtenies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloceſter*,
One Violl full of *Edwards* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing Branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack, and all the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his Summer leaues all faded
By *Enuies* hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that ſelfe mould that faſhioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'eſt and breatheſt
Yet art thou ſlaine in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life:
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy Brother to be ſlaughtred;
Thou ſheweſt the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breaſtes.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is, to venge my *Gloceſters* death.
Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputie annoynted in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift